"Av! they were a queer pair-a very lucer pair! We ca'ed them David an' longthan; no' that they were very friendly in public-far frae that: they pever could 'gree thegither a meenute. I've seen them feehtin' like twae dougs about the sma'est thing, ca'in' and anither a' the blackyird names ye could think o'. And syne, when they were feenished, they gaed awa' lookin' quite

"Jock Scoot was a Leeberal, so Wat Dempster had to ca' himsel' a Tory. Jock belonged to the Paris Kirk, so Wat had to join the Free; though neither o them darkened the door o' the house of God very aften. They even gued th length o' each using a different kind o' sheep-dip. Ay, they were a strange pair! But for a' they couldna' 'gree, there never were twas truer friends, and if onybody else misca'ed the ane by a word in the Ither's hearing-weel, he didna dae it again

"They were herds away up among the hills. Jock herded the Crammit and Wat the Ruchill. They mairlt sisters and for fifteen years they lived about a mile apart. But did ye ever hear how they cam' to separate?"

I had not; and the shepherd of Laigh-

lands told me the story.

The cause of all fell out one stormy night in early spring. The shepherd of the Crammil had come in from the hill. He had removed his wet boots and dripping plaid, and had stretched himself luxuriously in the great armenair beside a blazny fire. Outsde the wind howled and the snow drifted; but the mind of the shepherd was at ease, for he knew that his sheep were so safely folded in the lee of the hill that no harm would come nigh them during the night. The warmth of the fire crept through his limbs and comforted him. The whist ling of the wind round the cottage sang him a lullaby; and as he drowsed pleasantly his soul was filled with much con-

Sleep had almost mastered him when he was aroused by the sudden opening of the door and by the entrance, like an apparition, of a small girl with fright-ened-eyes. It was his niece, the daughter of the neighboring shepherd of the Ruchill, with the news that her father had gone out that afternoon at 2 o'clock and had not yet returned.

The shepherd of Crammil started up, rubbing his eyes with his fists.

"Eh!-what?" he cried. The little girl repeated her story. "Never! Twne o'clock, ye say? 'And it's 8 noo. Sax 'ours on the hill' Surely. -- " He caught sight of the fright "But there! dinna be feared. There can be naething wrang. He'll just ha'e gane up to Jock Shiel's at the Craig Slap. Rld and tell your mither no' to fash hersel', and I'll gang and bring him

Thus he soothed the girl with reassur ing words. Then he turned to his wife. "Outck!" he cried: "my buits and my plaid. There's something far wrang, and there's nae time to be lost."

He slipped on his boots, stuck a bon net on his head, and vanished into the night, wrapping his plaid round him as

"Sax 'ours!" he muttered to himself as he strode through the snow, "and it". been dark for fower-and sic a nicht! Dod! .If he should be -- ". He shuddered, and the bare thought lengthened

his stride as he swung onward into the teeth of the storm. It was a wild night. The cold was terrible, intense-not frosty, only that raw, biting cold that seeps through the clothes and skin and into the very marrow. The snow was soft and wet, and n rearing, biting gale from the northeast swept it in clouds through the air till the eyes were blinded and the face ached. Underfoot the deep snow clogand difficult; and all landmarks had disappeared in a uniform, undulating white. To crown all, an inky, impene-

trable darkness pressed like a pall over

burnside to determine his course. But in such blackness of night there could be little choice; for all the tracks were nearly equally bad. The only feasible plan was to strike the Ruchill at its highest point and search the hill down-So he crossed the burn and struck up the lee side of the Grammil. In the snow and darkness no mortal could pick his way, not even the shepherd who had herded on the hill for fifteen years, and knew every inch of the ground. The blackness of the pit closed around him. Several times even ut the outset he lost his bearings. No earthly object was visible save the dim round of shadowy grayness at his feet. Shut up within his narrow circle of vision he stumbled upward through the snow, guided only by the bleating of the sheep in the folds below, and by the yarying steepness of the hillide.

At first, lying as it did between him and the north, the Crammil sheltere him from the full force of the storm. Here, on the lee of the hill, the hurricane and the shrick of the wind were hushed. The weight of snow fell quick ly and softly, filling every nook of his body in ice-cold streams. To one so weather-worn as the shepherd that was a small matter. It was only when he had mounted the highest ridge and stood on the crest of the hill that the storm struck him with all its fury.

Never to all his life had the shepherd experienced such a night. Even to this day the memory of it is fresh in the countryside, and many are the stories I have heard; how the whole flocks were lost; how sheep were burled under snow-wreaths, and a few discovered lost; how sheep were burled under snow-wreaths, and a few discovered lost; how sheep were burled under snow-wreaths, and a few discovered lost; how sheep were burled under snow-wreaths, and a few discovered lost; how sheep were burled under snow-wreaths, and a few discovered lost; how sheep were burled under snow-wreaths, and a few discovered lost; how sheep were burled under snow-wreaths, and a few discovered lost; how sheep were burled under snow-wreaths, and a few discovered lost; how sheep were burled under snow-wreaths, and a few discovered lost, how sheep were burled under shepherd of crammil to his knees. It seemed to gather force and huri itself lost in the country side, and many are the stories I have heard; how struck up the lee side of the Crammil In the snow and darkness no morial

was glad to turn his back to the blast. But in spite of all, he struggled on, him that the shepherd of the Ruchill might be safely housed somewhere; it was just possible he might have gone to the Craig Slap. But as he crossed the marchdyke that hope was shattered, for auddenly out of the darkness the form

mouth, till in sheer want of breath he

of a sheep loomed up before him.

Jock Scott halted in despair: "Dod!" he muttered, "his sheep's no bielded." There could be no doubt now that some accident had befallen his friend for nothing less would have prevented him from folding his sheep on such a night. body must be lying. But where? There was no possibility of a systematic search; all landmar's were hidden under the drift, and in the black darkness and howling storm even the shepherd stood bewildered. The sense of locality stiff with cold, and his whole body ached, and worse, his hands and fee were becoming numb. In his weariness and utter wretchedness he was tempted to give up the search in despair. But as the thought of his friend lying on the hillside in the snow rose to his mind, with a gasp and a sob he once more set his face to the storm, gripping

shepherds is one of the commonest in the countryside. The tale of that dread ful night is the property of all; but the details you will nowhere hear. Indeed, the shepherd of the Crammil never could remember them himself. His recollection of the search was merely one of growing numbress and helpless. lost all hope of rescuing his friend; but It was his duty to continue the search so long as he could stumble on. And that was enough for him

his staff firmly to guide and steady his

nours of weary, hopeless wandering that at last he tripped over something soft at the foot of a high rock. In a moment he was on his knees and had craped the snow from the body.

By this time feeling had almost entirely left him, and he was becoming unconscious. The rest of his task he performed mechanically. He lifted the body in his arms-whether dead or alive he knew not: but he vasuely remember ed hearing the man groan as he raised him. How he got back he never knew. Where he was he did not try to recollect. He simply stumbled blindly forward under his load, picking his way by nstinct. In a shadowy way he remembered wading burns and stumbling through drifts; but the whole of his wandering was confused. The only abiding impression of the night was or of dull, lasting, all-absorbing pain, and sense of the most ineffable joy when at last the light of Wat's cottage should through the darkness, and he tottered nto the deligthful warmth of kitchen with the form of his friend

hanging limp in his arms. Laying Wat Dempster on the bed, he selzed a flask of brandy offered him and liquor. Then he threw off his dripping plaid and cowered over the fire, digging his lifeless fingers into the very flames. Gradually these restoratives began to follows extreme cold set in. Slowly the numbness left his hands and feet; and as the warmth spread the hot blood coursed unwards, till gradually a deightful glow had overspread his body. With the warmth came remembrance of forced some brandy down Wat's throat, stripped off his wet clothing, and wrap ped him in blankets. Then, with a few words to the terror-stricken wife, he The nearest farm-house was

distance in a very short time. There was nobody about. He rushed into the stable, saddled a horse, and in another minute was on his way again. The road was unfenced and all traces of it obliterated by snow; but in less than an hour he had covered the nine miles that lay between the road. that lay between him and the nearest doctor; and in other three hours the broken limb was set, the doctor had left the cottage, and the shepherd of the Ruchill was restored to conscious-

II. A fornight had passed. Except in the rifts and crannics of the hilltops all traces of snow had disappeared, and

bat. Man, where in a' the warld were your e'en you nicht when ye fell? And ye mann be a very silly body to lie sae long efter a bit clout ower a rock amang some saft snaw. Look at menever in a' my life have I lain a day in my bed; but there you've been lying a fortnicht already—and the lambin' time coming on, and a' the puir sheep that should be sae weel lookit efter wandering about the hills like craws in a mist."

t mist."
The first attack, however, failed mis-erably; the sick man refused to be tempted. He knew that his sheep were vere caring for them himself. Moreove

were caring for them himself. Moreover he was watching for an opportunity to express his thanks in some way. So he made the soft answer that turneth away wrath.

"There's nae doubt it was very sippit o' mg," he said; "and. I'm very much ashamed o' mysel. But I'se warrant it'll no' be long afore I'm up and at the sheep again."

The other's worst fears were realized. He had hoped by his own example to draw his friend to his old self again. But here he was returning good for

But here he was returning good for evil; there was no saying what he might do next.

"What," he cried, "was ye offer? Ye blackyird, if ye daur to rise out o' that bed till that leg o' yours is better, not anither o' your sheep will be lookit by me."

me."
There was a short pause. The chep-herd had come to the end of his tether.
He could think of nothing more to say, and he sat silently awaiting the dread moment. Then slowly, in a hesitating voice, the sick man began:
"About that—that nicht, ye ken, I wad

"Aboot that—that nicht, ye ken I wad just like—" But the sentence was unfinished, for at the first word the shepherd of the Crammil sprang to his feet, rushed to the window, and in a loud and unnatural voice drowned the fee-ble attempt." and unnatural voice drowned to: 'eeble attempt.

"Just what I was feared o'.' he
shouted. 'Man, we live in a malst ridecklous climate; ac day we're smoored in snaw and the next plotted wi'
heat. There's nae lippening to this kind
o' wather. Now, I'm sure there's a storm
comin', and I'll ha'e to be aff to bield
the sheen. Div we min-"

comin', and I'll ha'e to be aff to bield the sheep. Dly ye min—"
"Sit doon, ye stott," interrupted the invalid, surprised for a moment from his gentleness; "dly ye no' see the sun?"
The attempt to create a diversion had failed. Unwillingly the shepherd resumed his seat, and resigned himself to the inevitable. Again there was a short pause. Then:
"As I was saying, I'm—I'm muckle obleeged to ye for—for what ye did that nicht. And as I said afore—no, I didna just dae that—but what I meant to say was that I'm—"

just dae that—but what I meant to say was that I'm—"
During this short speech the face of the visitor wore a look of intense pain. Every word was a knife to him; he could stand it no longer, and before the sick man could proceed he had leapt to his feet again, his face blazing with suppressed feeling.
"It's thae deevils o' dougs at it again," he cried. "I never saw twae animals that could not 'gree, like yours and mine. I doot we'll ha'e to pairt wi' them. I maun off noo and redd them up."

up."

The fiction served its purpose. It insted him as far as the door, so that the sick man could not break in to stop him. For a moment he stood grasping the handle, in doubt whether to close the door behind him. Then he turned back. "Quite so," he said, as if answering

it would not come). "See and sune be better," he growled. Then, shamefaced, cursing the world

Then, shamefaced, cursing the world in general and himself for the great-est fool in it, he strode out to vent his rage on an imaginary conflict of two innocent coilies which at that moment were peacebaly sleeping at their own firestles.

were peacebaly sleeping at their own firesides.

When the shepherd of Laighlands reached this point in his tale we had come to the parting of our ways. He told me the rest leaning on his staff, while the sheep cropped the road-side turf, and his faithful dogs kept watch with one eye to the flock and the other to their master.

"Ay," he said, "some folk in this world are made different free ithers. Wi' ordinar' mortals like you and me a thing of that sort would just ha'e made us greater friends; but no' thae twae herds. That nicht o' the snawstorm pit an end to their friendship. It's a queer thing, but they were never the same again. Ye see, it was this way: Wat Dempster, frae a kind o' tratitude, couldna just exactly use Jock Scott o' the Crammil the same as afore. When the herd o' the Crammil tried to rouse him, he just paid nae attention. Jock had a' the quarreling to himsel; and for fair shame he couldna continue it. So, through time, they fell into a kind o' strained exhibit to the lit. na continue it. So, through time, the fell into a kind o' strained civility t na continue it. So, through time, they fell into a kind o' strained civility to ane anither. I never saw very muckle o' them but at the market; and there ye couldna but notice the way cach kept out o' the ither's gate. For six months they tried to live in this unnat'ral fashion; but it wouldna dae. Each man grew angered at himsel' and at the lither; and syne they cam' to the conclusion that it would be best for them to twine. Wat gaed north to a bit they ca' Goslin, and Jock gaed south to herd in Galloway. They may be there yet for a' I ken: and if ever ye're passing theremay I've na doubt they'll be very glad to see ye. It's a queer world," concluded the shepherd. "and queer folk bide in it."

So &e departed amidst a tumult of white-fleeced sheep, shaking his grizzled head over the strangeness of lumna affairs, and the last I heard of him as I turned away was an apostrophe to his over-zealous dogs, which for

him as I turned away was an apostro-phe to his over-zealous dogs, which for vigor of language even the shepherds of the Crammil and the Ruchill would not at their best have despised.—Chambers' Journal.

rnere are never any external signs of Cancer until the blood is

polluted and the system thoroughly con-taminated by this deadly virulent poison. Then a sore or ulcer appears on some part of the body; it may be small and harmless looking at first, but as the canharmicss looking at first, but as the can-cerous cells form and are deposited by the blood near the sore, it increases in size and severity, with sharp shooting pains. No matter how often the sore is removed by the surgeon's kaife or flesh' destroying plasters, another comes and is worse. The real disease is in the blood, and the treatment must begin there. The poisoned blood must be invigorated and purified, and when this is done cancerous cells can no longer form and the sore will

cells can no longer form and the sore will heal naturally and permanently. Mts. Sarah M. Reesling, gir Windsor Ave., Bristol, fenn., writes: "I am at yeara old, and for three years land suffered with n Bristol,
I am at
for three
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Cancer on
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tip all hope
well again,
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ition recomit. Aftertak
des the soreles of the ph

tiles the sore al, to the surprise of the physici tilme made a complete cure. It sh, my appetite is splendid, sle-in fact, am enjoying perfect heal overcomes this destructive poison and
removes every vestige
of it from the system,
makes new, rich blood,
strengthens the body and builds up the
general health.
If you have a suspicious sore or have in-

berited any blood taint, send for our free look on Cancer, and write to our medical department for any information or advice wanted; we make no charge for this ter-vice. Your letter will receive prompt and careful attention, and will be held in strictest confidence.

WHY MRS. PINKHAM

Is Able to Help Sick Women When Doctors Fail.

How gladly would men fly to woman's aid dld they but understand a woman's feelings, trials, sensibilities, and peculiar organic disturbances.

Those things are known only to women, and the aid a man would give is not at his command. To treat a case properly it is nec sary to know all about it, and full



MRS. G. H. CHAPPRLI.

sleian. She cannot bring herself to tell everything, and the physician is at a constant disadvantage. This is why, for the past twenty-five years, thousands of women have been con-fiding their troubles to Mrs. Pinkham, and whose advice has brought happiness and health to countless women in the United States.

the United States.

Mrs. Chappell, of Grant Park, Ill.,
whose portrait we publish, advises all
suffering women to seek Mrs. Pinkham's dvice and use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as they
cured her of inflammation of the ovaries and womb; she, therefore, speaks from knowledge, and her experience ought to give others confidence. Mrs. Pink-ham's address is Lynn. Mass., and her advice is absolutely free.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

Nineteenth Century Botany - Origin of Coal-Another Use for a New Substance-Life-Like Activity of Mercury - Electrolytic Drilling. Ant Cities Under Observation. Critical Periods in Earth Evolution. Collectors of Tree Sweets. In the century now closing, according

to Professor S. H. Vines, F. R. S., the number of recognized living species of plants has increased from the 10,000 of linneus to 175,596, made up of 105,321 flowering plants, 3,352 ferns and ferr allies, 7,650 mosses and moss-like plants, and 59,263 fungi, lichens and algue Professor Saccardo estimates that the number of species existing is more than twice those yet known, or about 400,000 The growth in number of species has not been due to the discovery of any essentially new type of plants, and the only extension of the bounds of the vegetable kingdom has been through the annexation of groups formerly assigned 200 years ago, form the most notable of such groups, having been regarded as infusorian animals until their affinity with the fungi was recognized by Cohn

Important as is our coal, its forms tion is not yet clearly understood. Considering the evidence furnished by long study, Dr. A. C. Stewart, F. R. S., states that the microscope shows ordinary coal to contain spores, fragments of tissues, bacteria, and the ground substance of coal. The seams also nclude boulders and coal-balls. From this he infers that the seams are not the result of of the accumulation of vegetable debris derived chiefly from plants growing on the surface near the edges of large lakes and pools. The dead plants were carried outward by gentle currents, sinking over the entire water area.

Calcium carbide is suggested as a useful deoxidant in foundries. It is added to the metal before pouring, and its effect is increased by mixture with a mebe produced by gently heating a mixture of alumina and copper chloride in contact with calucium carbide.

A serious fact for British stomachs is timate that the United Kingdom's conpounds per head per annum thirty years igo to 132 pounds.

A curious property possessed by such lying forms as amoebae, bucteria and Infusoria is chemotaxis, or attraction or repulsion by various chemical sub-stances. It may be illustrated by placing the end of a capillary tube of weak potassium chlorate in a drop of water containing any of the organisms, which at once collect at the mouth of the tube and it doubtless serves to keep the creatures near food supplies, and appears to aid bacteria in such processes as suppuration. Perfecting an experiment made by Paalzow in 1858, Professor Julius Bernstein, of Halle, has caused a drop of mercury to imitate in a very singular manner the movements of the living organisms. In a levelpottomed vessel of dilute nitric acid he placed a small mercury globule and land piece of bichromate of potash at a litsolution from the bichromate reached the drop, the latter started directly toword the crystal, reaching it in a few seconds. As the crystal receded the drop followed, continually changing its shape and darting forth and withdrawng long tentaines in exact imitation of the movements of living amoebas. The motions of the mercury are explained sion on the side toward the chemical action, the experiment confirming the theory that chemotaxis in living forms is due to the same cause.

Electrolysis is ingeniously applied by

any desired shape by means of a rubbe washer, and a needle point at the nega tive pole serves to collect the powde from the hole.

The artificial ant-hills made by II. C. Janet for the Paris exhibition, are of porous pink plaster covered with glass and were modeled from a natural hill They show several species, one with "slaves." Grating noises made by the tute a kind of language, and the crea-tures' sense of hearing seems acute.

A new department of the British Museum is devoted to abnormallyformed animals, or "sports."

However weak their formation

ways of absorbing interest. In a Biltish Association paper, Professor W. J. Solas began geological history with the planet in a molten state, rotating in two to four hours about an axis inclined some 11 or 12 degrees to the eclipatmosphere of great depth exerting a nch. The pressure of this dense atmosphere had important effect in the forming of the crust. At this time, Professor Weichert has lately told us nolten iron, with a density of 8.2, filled the earth's center, and was surrounded by an outer envelop about 400 miles thick, consisting of silicates, such as we are familiar with in igneous rocks and neteorites, with a density of 3.2. In a great tidal wave at this critical period the moon was thrown off, taking twenty-seven miles in depth of this outer nvelope. The earth probably solidified soon after this tremendous convulsion. its temperature being reduced to abou 1170 degrees C, but still preventing the liquefying of the atmosphere of steam With further cooling, the third critical stage was reached. Steam was concondensation began at 370 degrees C. water filled the hollows, and the oceans were formed. Then the hot water, fresh at first, acted chemically on the sillcates, becoming more and more charged with various salts, and the stratified data, geologists and mathematicians have sought to fix the dates of certain epochs in years. Professor G. H. Darwin's minimum estimate is that the moon was thrown off 56,000,000 of years ago: Lord Kelvin has placed the solidilying of the earth's crust at 20,000,000 t 40,000,000 millions of years ago; Professor J. Joly's maximum estimate of the time since the oceans condensed is 80, 000,000 to 90,000,000 of years. These figures differ widely, yet not more so than one should expect

Honey dew has been a subject of reent investigations, which show it to be a sugary substance obtained from the juice of the trees—such as sycamore, ash and lime-on which it is found. The times produced by other insects than aphides seems to be ill founded, as reports indicate that the insects noticed are prisoners that have been caught by the sticky honey due.

THE ISSUE.

Abram S. Hewitt Urges His Fellow Partisans to Bury the Fraud and the Viciousness of Bryanism. Views of a Southern Bryanite.

From the New York Oesterreichisch SCHNITZER:-I am very glad to be reminded by your lette, of the 7th inst of the fact that you were good enough to ask my advice in the political exigency which then existed,

The political situation at this time is of a very different character from that which presented itself four years ago. At that time it seemed possible to maintain a distinct Democratic organization, based upon the fundamental prin tion, based upon the fundamental principles enunciated by Jefferson, and which had continued to govern the party in all previous presidential elections. The nomination of Palmer and Buckner was not made with any idea that they could be elected, but in order to preserve an organization about which sound Democrats could rally, in case the heresies of the Chicago platform should be repudiated by a subsequent convention professing to be Democratic processing to be Democratic professing to the profession of the professi quent convention professing to be Democratic. The recent convention held at Kansas City has, however, rendered all such expectation hopeless. The party which calls itself Democratic is in reality Populistic and based upon doctrines which, if carried into effect, would produce political anarchy. No doubt you are familiar with Taine's "History of the French Revolution." In the second volume, entitled "Democracy." you will find all the heresies of the Chicago platform practically announced and the dreadful consequences of striving to put these false doctrines into operation are recorded in language which should quent convention professing to be Dem are recorded in language which should become the text for all political educa-

Repudiate Bryanism. Repudiate Bryanism.

We are compelled by every consideration of honor, of duty and of Intérest, to repudiate Bryanism and all that it represents. The coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 is the least of—the false doctrines in this platform, but it necessarily occupies the first pince. You ask whether I believe in the coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. You might as well ask me whether I believed that an ounce should be made to p—ss for a pound in the ordinary transactions of commerce. The ratio is a false ratio. The value of silver measured by gold is, as every one knows, not 16 to 1, but 22 to 1. The proposition, therefore, of the platform is to declare that fifty cents shall by law be made equal to one dollar. This absurd proposition is based upon the professed belief that in 1873 when silver was demonetized, a crime was committed, by which creditors benefited at the expense of debtors. The fact is that silver was then over-valued, and hence its demonetization was a relief to debtors and of no benefits to creditors. The extraordinary thing is that the Kansas City platform proposes to commit the very crime which it falsely denounces as having been perpetrated in 1873. It proposes to substitute a fifty-cent dollar in payment of debts which ought to be discharged with one hundred cents to the dollar. This is robbery and therefore a crime in which no honest man can have any part.

Ridiculous Proposition. We are compelled by every consider Ridiculous Proposition.

The pretence that the buillon value of makes new, rich blood, rengthens the body and builds up the meral health.

Hyou have a suspicious sore, or have inscrited any blood taint, send for our free cok on Cancer, and write to our medical expartment for any information or advice canted; we make no charge for this serice. Your letter will receive prompt and areful attention, and will be held in trictest confidence.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ALLANTA, GA.

Electrolysis is ingeniously applied by Mr. Cooper Coles to the drilling and slotting of metals. A jet of an electrolysis and electrolysis is ingeniously applied by Walne by the flat of the government is dieleulous. In fact, we have tried the experiment by chasing more than six solution of common salt—is caused to impluse upon the plate or other object to be drilled, the latter forming the positive pole of an electric dreuit while the nozzle from which the jet flows is transcall its ability to the last thread of the solution of the Sherman act. To repeat this exvalue by the flat of the government b



periment in a time when business is good is an act of folly so glaring that it is difficult for a sane man to understand the proposition could have received a single vote in the convention.

You ask me whether the present administration is likely to establish an imperialistic form of government over this country only its new possessions.

imperialistic form of government over this country oven its new possessions. I answer that the constitution of the United States is too strongly intrenched in the affections of the people to permit its possible violations by the adminis-tration, and that if such an attempt were made, the supreme court of the United States will surely interpret the constitution in the spirit of its found-ers and for the preservation of the constitutional government to which we ers and for the preservation of the constitutional government to which we

Will Vote for McKinley.

Lastly, you ask whether a Democrat by voting for McKinley and Roosevelt by voting for McKinley and Roosevelt could be considered false to the interests of Democracy. I answer that I do not see how a Democrat who is true to the interests of Democracy can in the present exigency take any other course than to vote for the Republican tleket. I propose myself so to vote and I do this because I am a Democrat who feels that Bryanism and all that it stands for is diametrically opposed to the principles of the Democratic party, as they have been construed by all the great men who have led the Democratic party up to the time of the holding of the unhappy convention of 1898, when the old organization was broken up. I have but little sympathy with the Republican party and as a rule have found its leaders to be opportunists and not statesmen. Nevertheless, in the present crisis the Philadelphia platform is much more acceptable than the parts of the Messey City some form is much more acceptable than the platform of the Kansas City conven-tion. It may be a choice of evils, but it is certainly a lesser evil to continue the government in the hands of the Repubgovernment in the hands of the Repub-lican party for the next four years than to encounter the perils which would confront us in case Bryan and his fol-lowers should have the opportunity of putting in practice the insane policy to which they are committed. Very truly yours. ABRAM S. HEWITT. New York, July 12.

GEORGIE'S PA.

He and Ma Discuss the Endless Chain Prayer.

"Well," paw sed, after he Got the hos out away the uther night, "I see yung Vanderbilt wants to Go to congress," "You don't say," may sed to him.

"Yes," paw sed,"the pore boy was co off by a growel parent with only six of seven millyun dollers, so he seems to Have lost almost all the fambly pride. While the uther Vanderbilt Boys are oringing new glory to the proud old Name by racing in ottomobiles and running over dawgs and things he goe around to convenshuns and invents lo comotive boilers and every little while wouldent do him any good to try and go into society, even if he had the munny and wanted to be an onner to the Fambly. That shows how it comes home to a Vanderbilt that marries a girl with less than forty Millions jus becoz he luvs her, when his proud fawther has a nobier mission in life Picked Insted of lernen how to run raleroads and get into politicks he could be Going 'So Maw and Aunt Harric

Bathing with the aristockrisse wairing their ball room clothes. Ennybuddy can work on a raieroad or run for congress from New York by getting Platt be borned to it if they want to get in a Newport fox-chase or win a cup that Mrs. Belmont picked out with her own hands. So it's a Sad Thing to see a yung man with a proud career before him Throw his chances away like that, she sed: "I can't help liken him becoz he had

the spunk to marry her enny way, and even a Vanderbilt of to be encurridged for wanting to Sit where Daniel Webster and Clay and Lincoln sat once.

"Yes." paw says, "and you forgot Jerry Simpson and Billy Mason. They ust to sit there, too. Think what a proud day it would be for yung Corneciyus to sit there with his gold-trimmed Jack Knife whittelen his inishels in the desk, rite under Tom Reed's name while sumbuddy was maken a speech on the rivers and harbors bill, After all, haft to think sometimes that munny ain't the only thing Worth liven for it This World."

Then maw got up and started to go into the house, and paw wanted to no what was rong.
"I must go and make an endles:

chain prayer," she said. "Everybuildy in our lodge has to pray against McKinley becox he didn't stop the Canteen and nes it on to four others."
"My goodness," Aunt Harriet zed,

stopping in "To Have and to Hold" rite where the Hero was agoin to kill leven piruts with one arm in a Sling and the ther tied behind him, "that makes me taink. I got a letter from Indy Anna to-day to join an endless chain prayer to have Mckinley win, and to pass it along to four more, too; so the other side can't gain any advantidge

"Well, you surely won't do it, will

'I don't know why not," Aunt Harriet told her. "And you never seen the day when you could pray any louder or longer than I can."

"Go on," paw sed, when they got to skolding, "and sho a sisterly spirit. I makes me sad to hear you speak s-harsh of such sollum things."

Then he put hi feet up against the

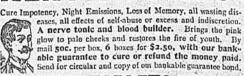
There wouldn't be much fun in this world if they were no wimmen in it,' he sed, kind of loud to himself.

The more he that about it the more e shok up and down, and the first thing ennybuddy new one foot slioped and he give a jerk and tried to get it where it belonged again, so his chair tipped over. Maw and Aunt Harriet came hurry-

n' down stairs to see what the racket was about, and when they saw with his hed fast in the corner and his fet stickun above the chair he says:

That's the last time Ime ever going o let politicks get brot into m and if visitors don't like it whare they can go. I was goin to get out for him. If he wuddent of done a on my wheel and go after a quart of Rash thing what mite he not be now. | ice cream pritty roon, but you can just do without it now, blame you! about the endless chain. GEORGIE.

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